

Milking Piper

by All Powerful Demigod

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Summary: Percy and Piper have a hot and steamy affair behind Jason and Annabeth's backs'. All adults. AU. Adultfic. Consensual. Erotica. Lemon. Please Review DISCLAIMER, ALL CHARACTERS BELONG TO RICK RIOARDAN. I ONLY OWN THE PLOT.

1. Intro

****Intro****

"Jason hooked his thumb vaguely in the direction of the room that he and Kimberly had converted to a nursery. "Piper's feeding the li'l one," he said. "She'll be out in a few minutes." He often referred to his new baby as "the li'l one." In fact his name was Tristan but at six months, I suppose "the li'l one" is as good a tag as any. Then with his other hand he hooked a thumb toward the hallway that lead to his music studio. "Annabeth, I wanted to show you the folio of Bach etudes I just got."

My wife made a little noise of interest and followed Jason down the hall. I stayed behind; unlike Jason and Annabeth, classical Greco-Roman music isn't a major interest of mine. I made myself at home in the living room, slumping into the sofa and putting my feet up on the ottoman. Jason and Piper are old friends, and we're pretty casual when we visit each other's homes. A moment later I heard the sound of Jason's piano-playing rolling up the hallway; that meant he and my wife would probably be occupied for a while. I was starting to leaf through a magazine when I heard Piper call out. "Hey Percy, c'mon in here and keep me company."

I got up and went through the connecting door to the nursery. "Hey Beauty Queen," I said. "How's it go...ing?" My voice got snagged between the "go" and the "ing," because that's when the scene in front of me registered on my brain. Piper was seated in the big overstuffed chair that dominated the small room. She was holding her baby to her breast, and she was naked from the waist up.

Piper is a tall, long-legged brunette. She's always been something of a workout fiend, and she got her figure back quickly after her pregnancy. She and my wife have been best friends since college, eventually drawing Jason and I into a four-way friendship. I'd always found her attractive, though her full, cupid's-bow lips and little turned up nose gave her a "cutesy" look that initially made it hard for me to take her seriously. I'd always thought her to be a quiet woman, modest in both her speech and clothing. And I'd never seen her tits before.

"Things are going just fine, Percy," she said. She was drawing the words out, making her voice coy and teasing. "We're having salad and chicken cutlets tonight-just as soon as Tristan here lets go of me."

"Sounds good," I said. "How's Tristan doing?" I pretended to be looking at the baby that was latched onto Piper's right breast, though in reality most of my attention was on the unobstructed left tit. The shape of the breast I could see was a study in classical perfection: A generous handful in volume, firmly rounded, convex underneath and a delicate S-curve above, capped with a rosy pink nipple that pointed slightly upward. She'd been pretty skimpily endowed before her pregnancy, but now she was at least a D cup.

"She's doing great," Piper said, the coy drawl still in her voice. "Sucks like a little vacuum cleaner. Feels really good." She looked straight into my eyes and grinned, showing her teeth. "Kinda gets me going, if you know what I mean." Another grin.

>Piper was wearing a brightly colored calf-length peasant skirt, and I could see her knees moving underneath the fabric; opening and closing rhythmically, moving just a few inches each way. I think I opened my mouth to say something, but nothing came out. Piper had never flirted with me before, and now she was sitting in front of me half naked, telling me she was turned on, and possibly masturbating. That sort of thing can make a guy tongue-tied when he's not expecting it.<p>

"Time to switch sides, sweetheart," Piper said, and with a smooth move she detached her son from her right breast and swung her across to the left. The baby hardly seemed to notice the transition, closing his mouth around the newly-offered nipple without a murmur. I could see his cheek working as he sucked. "Now uncle

Percy can have a good look at both of Mommy's titties," Piper added.

"I... um... uh..." I said brilliantly.

Piper glanced down at her chest. "You like?"

Instead of more evasive stammering, I decided to be honest. "Yes. They're beautiful Piper, really beautiful."

"Why thank you, Percy! It's so nice to hear someone say that." Piper's face lit up with genuine gratitude. "You see," she looked pointedly in the direction of the closed door, "a certain someone seems to think that being sexy doesn't go along with being a mother. So he hasn't exactly been falling all over himself to take care of my

womanly needs, if you know what I mean." She pouted, an expression that looked adorable on her. "But you think I'm sexy, don't you, Seaweed?" She stared blatantly at my crotch, where my hardening cock was beginning to push out the front of my pants.

"I regressed into stammering: "I... um...Pipes, I..."

"Oh look," she interrupted, looking down at her breast. "This one's still leaking."

>I looked. Milk was dripping from her exposed right breast; drop after drop appearing and falling down to her stomach and belly.<p>

"Oh, drip, drip, drip," she said in a voice of mild annoyance, still looking down at herself. She brought her hand up and cupped her breast, pinching the nipple between her first two fingers and shutting off the flow. "Percy, be a dear and bring me that glass, would you?" She pointed her chin at a drinking glass on the side table against the wall.

I realized then that I hadn't moved since I'd come into the room and shut the door behind me, and my hand was still gripping the doorknob. I went to the table and fetched the little glass, then held it out to Piper. My hand was shaking.

"Hold it here," she said. "Like this." She took her hand away from her tit and used it to position my hand, holding the open mouth of the glass an inch or two in front of her nipple. "If I squeeze some out, it should stop dripping."

"Then, before my wide-eyed stare, she started milking herself, squeezing her tit just behind the nipple. Milk squirted out in an array of needle-fine jets that came from various points on her nipple. Again and again she closed her fingers, pressing in on the soft flesh of her breast, sending spray after spray of milk into the glass. A minute or two passed as I stood there, feeling hypnotized, holding the glass in a trembling hand, watching the thin white milk squirt out of her pink nipple.

>When she stopped there was about half an inch of milk in the glass. "Thank you, Percy," she said. "I think Tristan's done feeding; I'm going to put him to bed now."<p>

"As Piper got her son settled in the crib, I looked down at the glass in my hand. I could feel the weight of the milk, could feel the warmth of it through the glass; bringing it closer to my face, I could smell it. My mind was reeling with the unreality of the scene I'd just participated in. It seemed both magical and boundlessly sexy; my hardon was pulsing in my pants.

Piper turned and came back to where I was standing, her bare tits jiggling slightly as she walked. She came up to me until she was very close and her nipples were almost touching my chest. "Thank you again, Percy," she said, taking the glass from my hand. I was acutely aware of her fingers touching mine as she did so. Raising the glass to her lips, she took a sip from it. "Yum," she said, grinning, milk still on her lips. Then she pushed the glass back at me. "Here, you finish it. It will make you big and strong."

"Still floating in a hazy fog of unreality, I took the glass and emptied it into my mouth. I held the milk there for a moment before

swallowing it. It was sweet, thinner than "regular" milk, and of course warm. The warmth of Piper's body, I thought. The warmth of her tit.

>Piper dropped her hand to my crotch, cupping the bulge of my hardon and squeezing. "See? I told you it would make you big and strong."<p>

"Fuck,Pipes..." I said. "What the heck's gotten into you?" I leaned toward her, trying to increase the pressure of her hand on my cock.

"'Fuck Pipes'," she quoted. "I like the sound of that. That's about the best idea I've heard in weeks-months, even."

"Just then the sound of Jason's piano-playing stopped, and both of us looked toward the closed door. "But not tonight," Piper said. She turned away from me, picked up a bra that was on the floor beside the easy chair and started putting it on. It was a heavy-duty thing with what I assumed was absorbent padding in the cups. "Show's over for tonight, big guy," she said as she lifted the shoulder straps into place and covered her tits."

"I had a fleeting mental image of grabbing her, ripping her bra off and planting my mouth over one of those incredible, exquisite, pink nipples; sucking on her, filling my mouth with more of that sweet, warm milk. But sanity prevailed and I simply stood, dazed and immobile, as Piper slipped on a blouse. We left the nursery, and when my wife and Jason made their appearance a minute later we were sitting at opposite sides of the living room, sipping wine and talking about the weather.

The rest of our evening's visit was an agony of lust for me; of lust and trying not to lust, of trying to remember my marital vows, of wanting to punch Jason in the nose for not recognizing the fact that motherhood had transformed his wife into a sex goddess. "You seemed distracted tonight," Annabeth said to me on our drive home."

>"I gave her a sidelong leer and put my hand on her thigh, sliding it up her leg until I ran out of leg. "Only because you're looking especially sexy tonight," I said. Happily, Annabeth seemed to be feeling pretty frisky herself, and when we got home we spent the next hour or two fucking like bunnies."<p>

2. Lemon Chapter

****Lemon Chapter****

"Annabeth works at an office, while I do freelance work out of our home. In the early afternoon of the next day, the thing I was simultaneously dreading and hoping for happened: Piper rang my doorbell.

"Hello Percy," she said. "I was out doing some errands, so I thought I'd stop by." She slipped past me, heading toward the living room. "I thought you and I could have a little chat." She sat on the sofa and patted the cushion beside her. "Come sit here and talk to me, Percy."

I sat in the chair opposite the sofa. "Um, Pipes, about last night..." I started."

>"I pumped out some milk before I left the house so Jason could give Tristan his afternoon feeding while I was out," Piper interrupted. "But wouldn't you know it, I'm starting to leak anyway." She began unbuttoning her blouse. "Do you think you could help me out with that, Percy?"<p>

"Piper," I said in what I hoped was a firm voice, "we have to stop. We can't do this."

>She looked at me, all doe-eyed innocence. "Can't do what, Percy?" Then her blouse was off and she was standing up, walking toward me, reaching back to the clasp of her bra. "Are you saying you can't help me?" Her bra dropped to the floor and she was standing in front of me, her impossibly perfect tits at eye level. "My boobs are all swollen with milk, Percy. They're so full of milk they hurt." She leaned over me, putting her left hand on the back of my chair to balance herself. She cupped a breast with her right hand and brought it close to my face. "You can help me with that, can't you Percy?"<p>

"P-Pipes really... We..."

"Just look at how swollen this boob is." She was whispering now, and her breast was inches from my face. It did in fact look swollen, the skin stretched taught over its roundness. A few veins showed through her skin as faint blue lines. As I watched, drops of milk began to appear and drip down onto my shirt. "I really need your help, Percy," she whispered urgently, her teeth clenched.

"Fuck," I said, and then my mouth was on her tit, my lips sealed around the pink nipple, and I was sucking, pulling a spray of milk into my mouth, feeling the little jets hitting my tongue and the insides of my cheeks."

"Oh, yes!" Piper said, the words bursting out of her like a grunt. She put a hand to the back of my head, holding me tight against her as I sucked and swallowed, sucked and swallowed. The chair I was in was a big lounge, and she climbed up onto it, putting one knee on either side of my legs. Then she could hold onto my head with both hands, burying her fingers in my hair. "Suck me, baby," she said in a purring whisper. "Suck on me. Take my milk. Suck it out of me."

"I pawed at her body, cupping the breast I wasn't sucking on and squeezing it roughly. I felt milk spraying against my hand, and I switched my mouth to that breast, closing my teeth down on the nipple for an instant and then sucking, squeezing the same tit with my hand as I sucked on it. With my other hand I groped between her legs. She was wearing a short skirt, and after I fumbled my hand under the fabric my palm cupped over a soft patch of pubic hair and a warm pussy. She was already wet, and after a few moments of stroking and probing, I slid two fingers into her.

"Yes!" she grunted again. She closed her fists in my hair, holding tight. By raising and lowering her hips she helped me to finger-fuck her cunt, driving my fingers into her as far as they would go. I kept sucking, and still the milk kept flowing from her. It wasn't a huge amount; a long, hard suck would produce only a sip, but it kept coming, kept spraying into my mouth in those tiny squirting jets."

"Suddenly Piper jerked away from me, pulling my head away from her

with the hands she had buried in my hair. The tit I'd been sucking on continued to spray, the milk landing on my neck and down onto my shirt. She just looked at me for a time, her breath loud and raspy, still clutching my head with both hands. At first I couldn't read the expression on her face, but then her eyelids fluttered and her jaw tensed with her mouth open. "Gonna come..." she said, her voice thick and throaty. She dropped her right hand from my head and closed it around the wrist of the hand I was finger-fucking her with. She pulled up, forcing my fingers deep into her cunt, then pushed me out, then pulled up again in a slow rhythm. "Gonna come..." she said again, her voice more urgent this time."

"The angle was awkward, but by folding my thumb inward I could put a little nudging pressure on her clit. Piper made a wordless cry when I did this, a shudder passing through her body. She took the hand that was gripping my hair away and held it up with her fingers spread, as if fending off something invisible. Both of her breasts were squirting out milk now. I hooked my free hand around her body and pulled her back toward me so I could suck on her some more, and as my lips closed down on her nipple she cried out again, a short, wordless syllable of urgency and need. With the hand she had closed around my wrist she started jerking my hand up into her at a frenzied pace, her grip on my arm painfully tight."

"Then another cry came from her, this one long, loud, and full-throated. It rose in pitch until it pinched off in her throat, and then her body was convulsing over me, violent shudders running through her like waves, from her shoulders down to her pelvis. Two, three, four times she shuddered like this, and I found the milk squirting into my mouth faster than before, without my needing to suck."

"Slowly Piper relaxed after her orgasm. With the hand still on my wrist she pushed my fingers out of her cunt. Then she lowered herself until she was sitting on my legs, drawing her breast away from my mouth. "Ohhh," she sighed, gasping to catch her breath. "Oh, that was good. I knew you'd be able to help me out with my little problem, Percy." She tipped her head forward, resting her cheek on my shoulder for a few moments. Then she climbed off my lap, her legs unsteady and trembling. She cupped a hand over each breast, perhaps to stop the milk that was still dribbling from her nipples, or perhaps to sooth them after my rough handling and energetic sucking. She looked absolutely ravishing standing there. She'd kicked her shoes off at some point, so she was completely naked except for the short skirt that flared out from her trim waist. She was still breathing hard and her full, pouty lips were trembling in the aftermath of her orgasm."

There was a heavy patchwork quilt folded across the back of the sofa. Piper went and grabbed an end of this and dragged it to the middle of the living room floor, stretching it out lengthwise. Then she lay down on it, on her back with her legs angled toward me. Reaching down to the front of her skirt, she lifted the hem up to her stomach, revealing a soft triangular muff of beautiful, brown pubic hair. She spread her legs slightly, and between her thighs I could see the wet and swollen outer lips of her cunt. She bent her head downward, first looking in the direction of her sex and then looking at me. "You like?" she asked, smiling coyly.

"Fuck, Pipes," I said in awe, in dazed wonderment, my eyes wide and

fixed on her crotch.

"Yes," she cooed. "Fuck Pipes. Take your clothes off and come over here and lie on top of me and push your hard cock into my cunt and fuck Pipes. Come give Pipes a nice long, hard fuck."

"I sprang out of my chair like a Usain Bolt, pulling my shirt off over my head. I tried to take my pants and shoes off at the same time, and stumbled drunkenly in the effort. When I was finally naked I stood for a moment at her feet looking down at her. Her shoulder-length red hair was fanned out around her head. She still had one hand cupped over a breast, and she stroked the other hand down over her stomach, across the rumpled fabric of her raised skirt, down toward her pussy, her fingertips brushing lightly through her pubic hair before sliding down between her legs where she pushed her middle finger between her cunt lips and drew it out again.
>"Fuck, Piper," I said again, imbecilically."<p>

"She chuckled lightly at me. "Yes, Percy, yes." She reached up toward me with both arms, her eyes fixed on the rigid cock that jutted out at a right angle to my body.

"Come give me that big thing. I've wanted that fucker inside me ever since Annabeth first described it to me."

I wish I could say that this mention of my wife's name made me flinch with guilt, or pause or hesitate or falter in what I was about to do, but it didn't. I felt like my mind had been reduced to the instinct-driven compulsions of a lower animal. I couldn't think of anything except my body and Piper's body, and the screaming, overwhelming need to close the distance between the two."

"I dropped to my knees, then lowered myself onto my chest, shifting backward so that my face was at Piper's pussy. Immediately I put my mouth against her, pushing my lips into her curly hair, writhing my tongue along and between her lips and up into her cunt. She was luxuriously wet; her juices warm and musky and full of the taste of a woman. I lapped at her, flicking my tongue up to stroke her clit and draw her wetness into my mouth. But as lovely as the taste of Piper's cunt was, it made me think of that other taste I could get from her body: the sweeter, milder, more abundant taste of her milk. I reached a hand up her body until her right breast was under my palm. I closed my fingers, trying to squeeze down on that area behind the nipple that I'd seen Piper use last night when she milked herself. Soon I felt warm liquid on my fingers; her milk spilling out over her tit and making it slippery under my hand.

"A moment later I felt Piper's hands on my shoulders, tugging at me. "Come up here," she said. "I want your cock. I want your cock inside me."

>"Obediently I lifted my head, wiped my face with my hand and started crawling up the length of her body. The head of my cock came up between her legs, and after a couple of probing nudges it started to slide into her without either of us touching it."
"Oh fuck," she gasped as I slowly pushed deeper. "Oh fuck that's good." She put her arms around me at the waist and pulled at me, trying to hurry me into her body. "C'mon, give it to me. Give it all to me. Fill me up with your cock." And as I pushed the last couple of inches into her she tilted her head back, making a gasping and breathless laugh. "Oh fuck yes. It's been so fucking long!"

She was hot and wet and tight around my cock, and I rocked slowly in and out of her, savoring the sensation. But inevitably my eyes were drawn to her tits, exquisite in their shape and size, adorable with their cherry-blossom-pink nipples. Just as my cock was the center of my lust to fuck this woman, my mouth lusted after her breasts, her nipples, and the milk that I knew was waiting to be sucked out of her."

"Piper saw where my eyes were fixed. "Yes," she purred, putting her hand under one breast and lifting it, offering it to me. "Take it. Suck my milk and fuck me at the same time."

So I hunched my back and took the offered breast into my mouth, closing my lips on it and sucking, and once again I felt and tasted the sweet warm milk in my mouth. The combination of sensations was overwhelming, engulfing. I groaned loudly through my nose and drove my pelvis upward, fucking my cock into her deep and hard. I sucked repeatedly, filling my mouth with milk and not swallowing. Then I released her nipple and brought my face up to hers, putting my lips against her lips. I let the milk flow from my mouth and into hers, a little at first and then more and finally all of it. She opened her mouth wide to take it, then closed her lips to swallow and opened them again to laugh, stray drops of white trickling from the corner of her mouth and glistening on her chin."

"I made some more long, deep thrusts, and the expression on Piper's face went from laughing to serious; her eyes focusing somewhere far away as she concentrated on the wave of pleasure that was building up inside her. I began slapping my belly down hard on hers, pushing up deep into her. Braced above her on straight arms, I watched her magical tits jiggling violently with each thrust. Milk was still trickling from the one I'd been sucking on, the droplets appearing on the gyrating nipple and then disappearing as they flowed down one side or another of the quaking breast."

"Y- ye- yes," Piper stammered, the word squeezed out of her in the fast rhythm of my thrusts. "F- fuck me, P- P- Percy... Fuck m- me." The hands that had been at my waist released me and now drifted aimlessly, her fingers opening and closing on air. Then she shut her eyes tight and turned her head to the side. "Gonna..." Her voice pinched off, and for a long moment she made no sound, not even breathing, her hands in tight fists and her body rigid as I continued to fuck into her. And for a long, frozen moment, as the rest of her body was stiff and unmoving, milk began to spray upward from both her nipples. The fine little jets spurting out, some of them shooting up and wetting my chest and others squirting out in long arcs that went in all directions. Then with an explosive burst Piper's voice was released again, and she shouted "Oh!" in a bellowing grunt as her body writhed and twitched underneath me, milk still jetting out of her nipples."

"I felt my own orgasm coming, and with my last voluntary act before that explosion, I cupped a hand loosely over her tit so I could feel the warm spray against my palm. Then it was my turn to let out a bellowing grunt, as the cum spewed out of me and my body went into wrenching contractions that drove my cock to its furthest limit up into Piper's cunt.

>I collapsed onto Piper's body, dropping my weight on her as I gasped raggedly for breath. I could feel the wetness of her milk between our

bodies, echoing the wetness of my cum and her cunt juices that surrounded my wilting cock and trickled out of her."<p>

3. Finishing Up

****Clean Up Time****

"A few minutes later we were both sitting up on the quilt, not facing each other. "You look glum," Piper said. "Feeling bad about cheating on Annabeth?"

"Yeah, kind of," I admitted.

"Me too." Piper sounded as glum as I felt. "Personally I don't care that I cheated on Jason. I've just about had it with him. But I don't feel too good about fucking my best friend's husband." She sighed, and I couldn't help but watch the way her tits did a slow-motion bounce. "And it was all my idea, too. If I'd worked any harder at seducing you it would have been rape." She flashed a quick grin.

"Nah," I said. "I wanted you. I wanted you so bad... I mean, you are so fucking sexy... Anyway, it's not like I can palm off the blame onto you."

>Piper lay back, hooking one arm behind her head for a pillow. "Well, I had a secret weapon, didn't I? She put her free hand under a tit, lifting it. "I mean the tittie-milk thing was what hooked you, wasn't it?"<p>

"Well, I guess so, yeah."

Still holding her breast in her hand, she looked down at the nipple, then started fondling it with one finger. "Almighty Aphrodite, if only my jerk of a husband felt that way." She looked wistfully into the distance. "It felt so good when you were fucking me and sucking my tit at the same time. Oops, now look what I've started. Just thinking about it gets it going sometimes."

I wasn't sure what she meant by "thinking about it"-thinking about having her tit sucked, or being fucked, or both-but I could see what she meant about the effect. Once again drops of milk began to appear on her nipple and dribble down the slope of her breast.

"You'd think I'd be empty after the workout you gave me," Piper said. "But nope; it looks like I still have some left." To demonstrate, she squeezed behind the nipple and sent a spray of milk in my direction; some of it landing on my stomach and legs.

>"Neptune's Beard, that is so fucking sexy, Piper," I said."<p>

"Yeah, like I said: my secret weapon." She grinned and squeezed out another spurt.

"But I'm sure you're tired out, Seaweed Brain. Maybe you could just give me a little suck while I play with myself?"

I couldn't turn down a request like that. I got down on my stomach, holding myself up on my elbows so that my face was poised over her leaking breast. Teasing her at first, I extended my tongue and

delicately lapped a few droplets of her milk.

"Oh yeah," she purred. She put her hand on to the back of my head and pulled me to her, forcing my mouth down to her nipple. "Suck on Momma's boobie, big guy." Her other hand went down to her crotch, and as I once more began sucking milk out of Piper's breast, I could sense from the jiggling motion of her body that she was playing with her pussy."

"In a short time she was working her way up to another orgasm. It seemed like I'd only sucked a few mouthfuls of her milk when she started writhing and moaning with increasing intensity. Briefly taking her hand away from her pussy, she used it to grab my hand and move it to the breast I wasn't sucking on. "Squeeze it," she ordered, closing her hand around mine. "Milk me. Milk my fucking tit."
>I did as she commanded, squeezing her left breast behind the nipple and watching the milk spray upward as I sucked on her right. After a few minutes of this she arched her back and began making a series of moans, each one louder and more intense than the last. I could hear the wet slapping sound of her fingers at her cunt, moving faster and faster. And then her body spasmed, her back arching violently, and one final, desperate moan came from her lips."<p>

I took my hand and my mouth away from her breasts as she relaxed, and it seemed that I could track the quieting of her orgasm by watching the decreasing flow of milk from her nipples. The fine jets of the fountain-like spray reached up to a lesser and lesser height, then became a dribbling flow, and finally only oozing droplets. Piper took a deep breath and looked at me. "Thank you again, Percy," she said with a sleepy smile. "You're a nursing mother's best friend."

"My pleasure," I said, sitting up cross-legged. I grinned and wrapped my fist around the hard cock that was angled up from my lap. "See?"

"Ooh, look at you, you bad boy," she chuckled. "Do you always recover this quickly,

or is that the effect of my magical tittie-milk?"

"What do you think?" I said. I reached over to her nearest breast and ran my hand over it, wetting my palm with the milk that was spattered all over her skin. Then I fisted my cock again and pumped it, the milk on my hand acting as a lubricant.

>Piper beckoned me with a wave of her hand. "Come here Percy. Come straddle me and slide that big thing between my boobs."<p>

"In a flash I did as Piper asked, planting one knee on either side of her. I leaned over and laid my cock on her chest, and she put a hand on the outside of each tit, pressing them together over my shaft. She positioned her hands so that as she held her tits together she could also milk them, her thumb and forefinger pinching in behind the nipple. Anyone who's ever taken part in a tit-fucking knows that one problem with the otherwise delightful act is the need for lubrication. Even the most liberal application of oil or lube tends to lose its effectiveness after a while. But with Piper there was a marvelous new wrinkle on tit-fucking: her tits were self-lubricating. As I slid my cock back and forth between the warm, soft grip of her breasts, she would squeeze behind her nipples from time to time, and the milk would dribble down into the cleft where my shaft was

nestled."

Piper reached up behind her to gather some of the quilt under her head as a pillow. This brought her mouth closer to where the head of my cock appeared between her pressed-together tits when I slid forward, and every few thrusts I would push far enough so she could take a couple of inches into her mouth. My mind reeled, overwhelmed with sensations: the feeling of Piper's soft, pouty lips taking my cock head, the sight of her face, sprinkled with stray drops of milk, the warm cushion of her tits squeezing in on my cock through the slippery layer of milk... There's no way a man can experience all of that without reaching critical mass in a hurry, and that's what I did. I felt my balls tightening up, the explosion primed, the fuse lit. I grunted, my body hunching in on itself, and I came. The first spurt went straight up the midline of Piper's face, laying a cord of jism from the tip of her cute little nose, between her eyes, up along her forehead and into her hair. Then I drew back, and for the remaining jets of cum the head of my cock was buried between her tits.

"When I was finished, I lifted off of her and collapsed at her side, propping myself up on my elbow so I could look at her. She was quite a sight; the stripe of cum up her face, the white droplets of milk thickly scattered over her face and upper body, and on her magnificent chest between her perfectly-shaped breasts, a glistening pool of cum swirled together with milk. The two of us spent some time playing with this puddled concoction, dabbling our fingers in it to stir it around and finger-paint trails of it up and over her breasts and down to her navel. Piper brought a few finger-fulls up to her mouth and licked them off, but I declined when she offered some to me. "I don't believe in mixing my drinks," I said.

After that we decided it was time to call it a day. Piper went off to shower and I put the quilt in the washing machine. As she was about to leave, Piper got serious with me again. "This has been amazing, Seaweed Brain, but I don't think we should do it again. If I'm going to cheat on Jason-and after today I'm sure I am-I'm going to do it with someone besides my best friend's husband. I just can't do this to Annabeth."

"But..." I started.

"And you-" she poked my chest with her finger- "will just have to find some other way to feed the tittie-milk fetish you seem to have acquired."

>"Yeah, like there's any chance of that," I grouched. But at that moment, with my cock freshly drained, I had to agree that Piper was right. It wasn't until an hour or two later that the memory of Piper's milk-filled tits had me throbbing with lust again, and I began turning over ideas for arranging another tryst with her."<p>

4. The End

The End

"A few days later Annabeth came home with a small shopping bag in her hand and a "we need to talk" expression on her face. She planted me on the living room sofa and took a seat beside me, still holding the

mysterious bag. "I had a long talk with Piper today," she started.
"About sex."

"Oh?" I said, my stomach doing flip-flops.

"I'm afraid... You might not like this idea... I mean, it might be too kinky for you," she said, now clutching the bag with both hands. "But try to keep an open mind, okay?"

"Sure, honey." I was completely confused now."

"Well, Piper was telling me about sex while she's nursing... I mean, while she's got milk. She talked about having a guy-I'm not sure who she was talking about, but I don't think it was Jason-about having a guy suck on her tits while they were having sex. About incorporating the fact that she's lactating into their sex play in lots of different ways. She said it was the hottest, most amazing sex she's ever had."

"Um... that's nice..."

"And... this is the part you might find too kinky, Percy..." Annabeth paused, her fingers nervously rustling the paper bag she was holding. "But I got incredibly turned on by what piper was saying-by the kinds of sex she was talking about."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. I mean incredibly turned on. And well... did you know that a woman who hasn't had a baby can still lactate? Usually, all it takes is for her to be-you know-sucked on a lot over the course of a month or two."

"I di- didn't know that," I said. My heart was starting to thump in my chest like a kettledrum.

>"So I got this." Annabeth fumbled with the bag, drawing out a plastic contraption with a funnel-shaped extension on one end. "It's a breast pump. I figure I can take it to work and use it in the lady's room a few times a day, plus several times a day at home..." She turned to me, looking nervous and uncertain. "And that way I should-you know-get milk... and maybe, if you like it... If you don't think it's too<p>

weird and kinky, we could..."

"We could incorporate your milk into our sex?" I finished for her. "I... um... yes Annabeth... I- I think I'd be willing to give that a try."

End.

Thanks for reading and reviewing. Should I write another story? Answer in the comments, or pm me.

I figured out some possible plots for my next story, and was wondering if I should do a NicoxSally lemon, or a PercyxAthena story.

End

file.